BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

IR-17½p (Inc. VAT)

No. 88 OCTOBER 17th, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

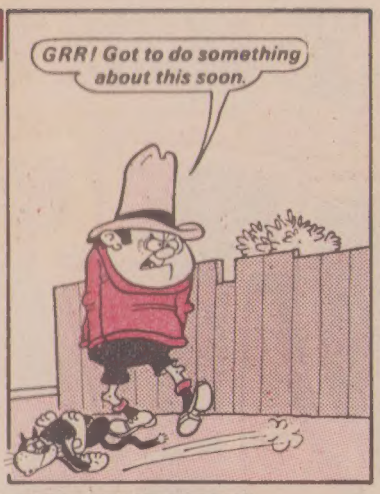
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . . *BANANAMAN!*

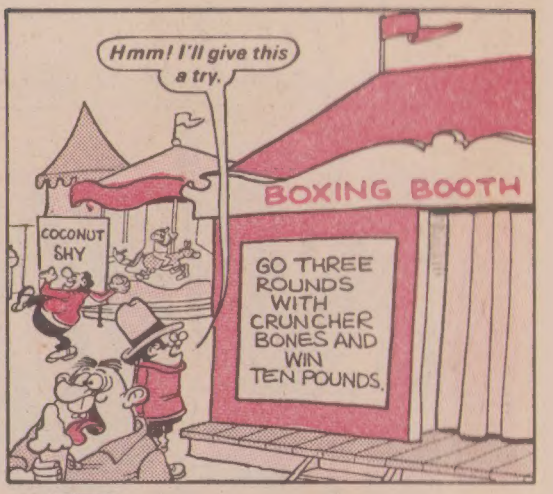
BANANAMAN

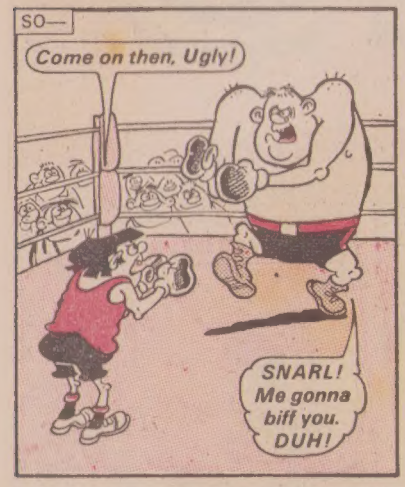
Last week, we left our hero in search of Britain's teachers who have all mysteriously disappeared—
There's only one man who can help me—Professor Nutt E.S.A. Frootkake. I'll call on him.
AHA! PROFESSOR!
TEACHER TRANSPORTER RAY
For making teachers disappear
INVENTED BY PROF. FROOTKAKE
BANANAMAN! YIKES! How did you know it was ME?
How did I know it was YOU? Easy! I'll tell you how . . .
GULP!
. . . 'Cos it says so on your door, that's how. I never miss a trick!
PROFESSOR FROOTKAKE
It's true! He IS the biggest clot ever!
You've got to help me find Britain's teachers, Professor. I need your brains.
Haven't got any of your own, eh? Thought so! . . . Er, have you tried looking under my carpet?
NOPE—Not here, Prof!
FOOL!
He fell for my trap! I'VE DONE IT! . . .
ZAP!
. . . NO MORE BANANAMAN!
AND SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE—
Where am I?
You've been zapped to the other side of the Universe, Lad!
Of course! It was Professor Frootkake who was behind this!
CORRECT! He sent us all here.
Continued on the back page.

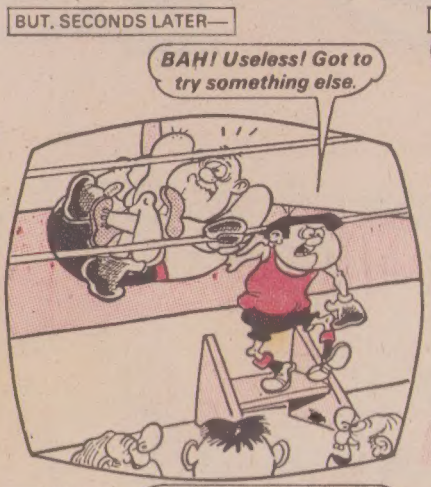
JAY R. HOOD

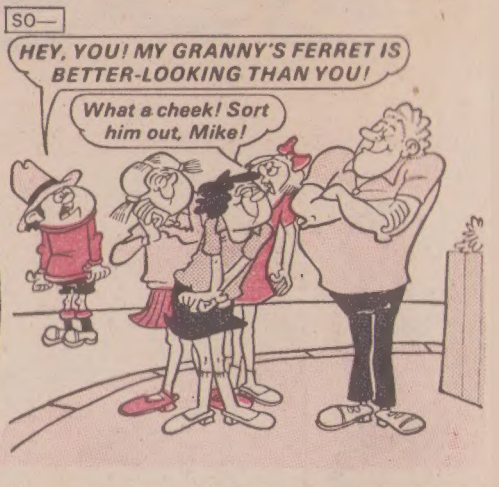
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

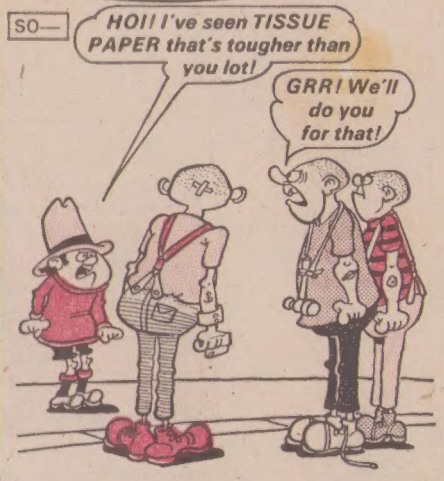


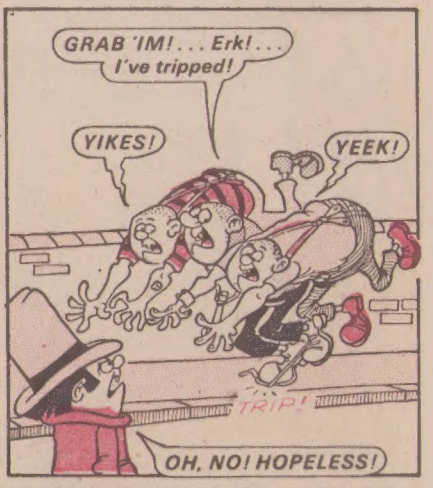


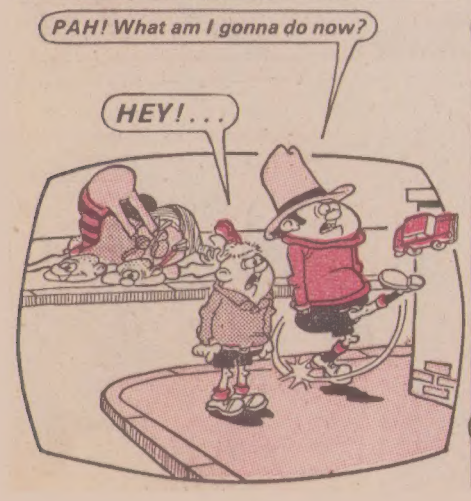


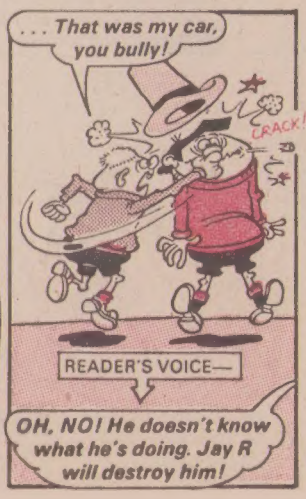


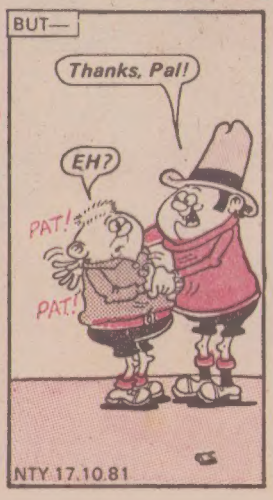




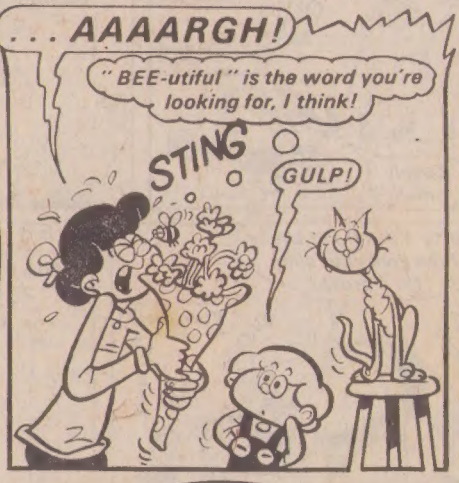


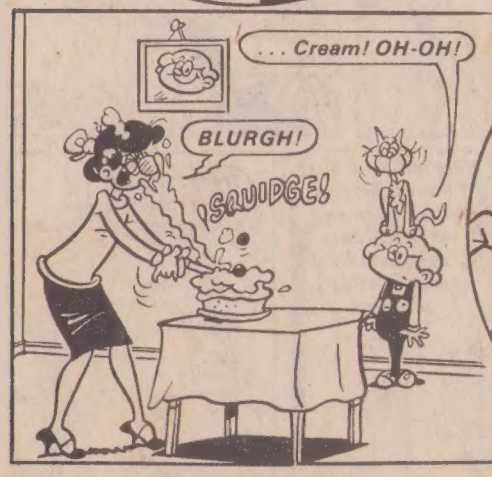


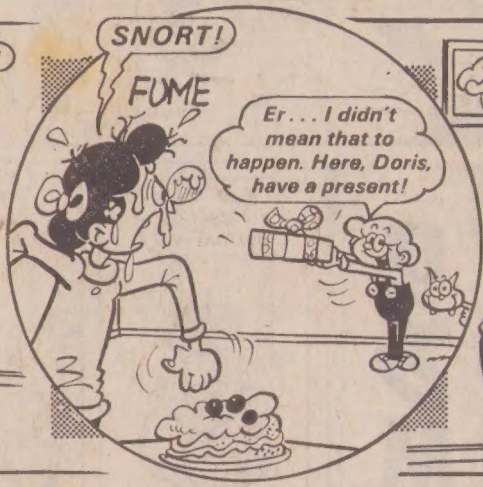


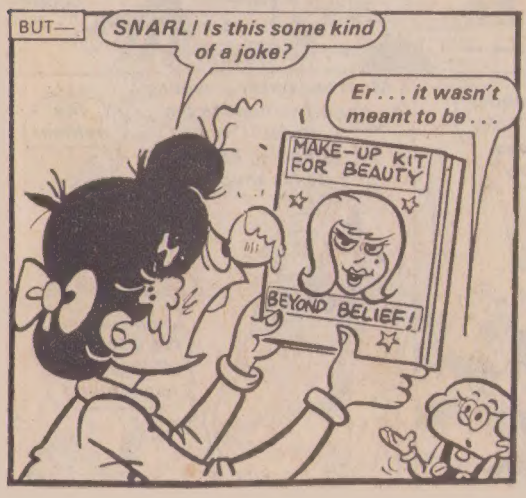


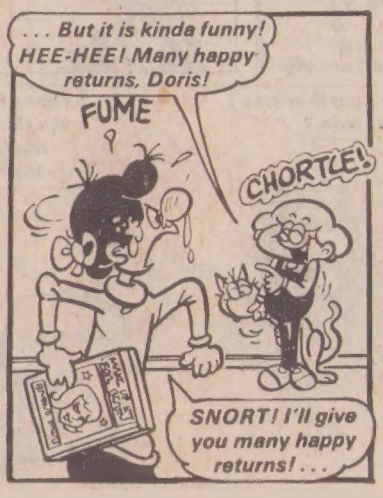
PETER Pest











NTY 17.10.81

KID KATS

LIONEL

TIGER

Not a single customer wanting fish today!
I'm not going in there, with those scruffy cats hanging around.
Me, neither.
So that's it.
Lovely smell!
FISHY PONG
Shove off! You're ruining my trade!
Cruel man! I won't buy his fish again!
Pike's not pleased!
You don't say!
Nor me!
Erk! Don't want to lose any more customers!
Pretty Pussy! Let Uncle Pike give your silky fur a brush!
That's better.
GROVEL
Purr-fect!
SHORTLY—
This exploding fish will fix those cats!
I'll hand it to 'em, then . . . BOOM!
Mr Pike! I want a word.
Er . . . can't stop now, Missus!
Can't stop? I've been a customer of yours for years! Now listen here . . .
BOOM!
I'll get those cats! I'll get 'em yet!
Here comes a bus! I'll toss this fish into its path and when the cats rush over to grab it—flat pussies!
Here, Pussies! Take this nice, big fish!
MM!
Shlurp!
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT—
UH? Where did that bike come from?
SPLUTCH!
That's handy! We don't like the head anyway!
Must be bonkers—eating a raw fish head in the street! I'm not going back to his shop!
Me, neither!
We'll soon be Pike's only customers!
NTY 17.10.81

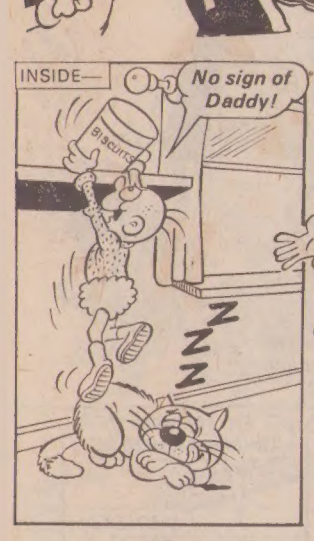
Cuddles

MUM
DAD
CUDDLES

I'll spank you, Cuddles, if you... CROAK..! GASP..! CROAK..!
Daddy rage too much! Now he's lost his voice!

THEN—
What Daddy doing?

BEHAVE! OR THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL GET!
Bah! Big, bushy hand!


INSIDE—
No sign of Daddy!
BISCUITS
Z
Z
Z

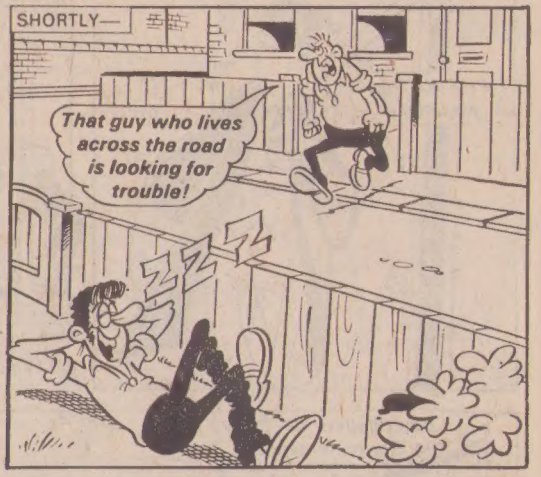
BISCUITS
YAAAH! Big hand again!

HANDS OFF!
Not funny!

SHORTLY—
Ice-cream van! Me get giant cornet!

STOP! NO ICE-CREAM BEFORE LUNCH
AW! Big hand in way!

Me can trim things too!


SHORTLY—
That guy who lives across the road is looking for trouble!

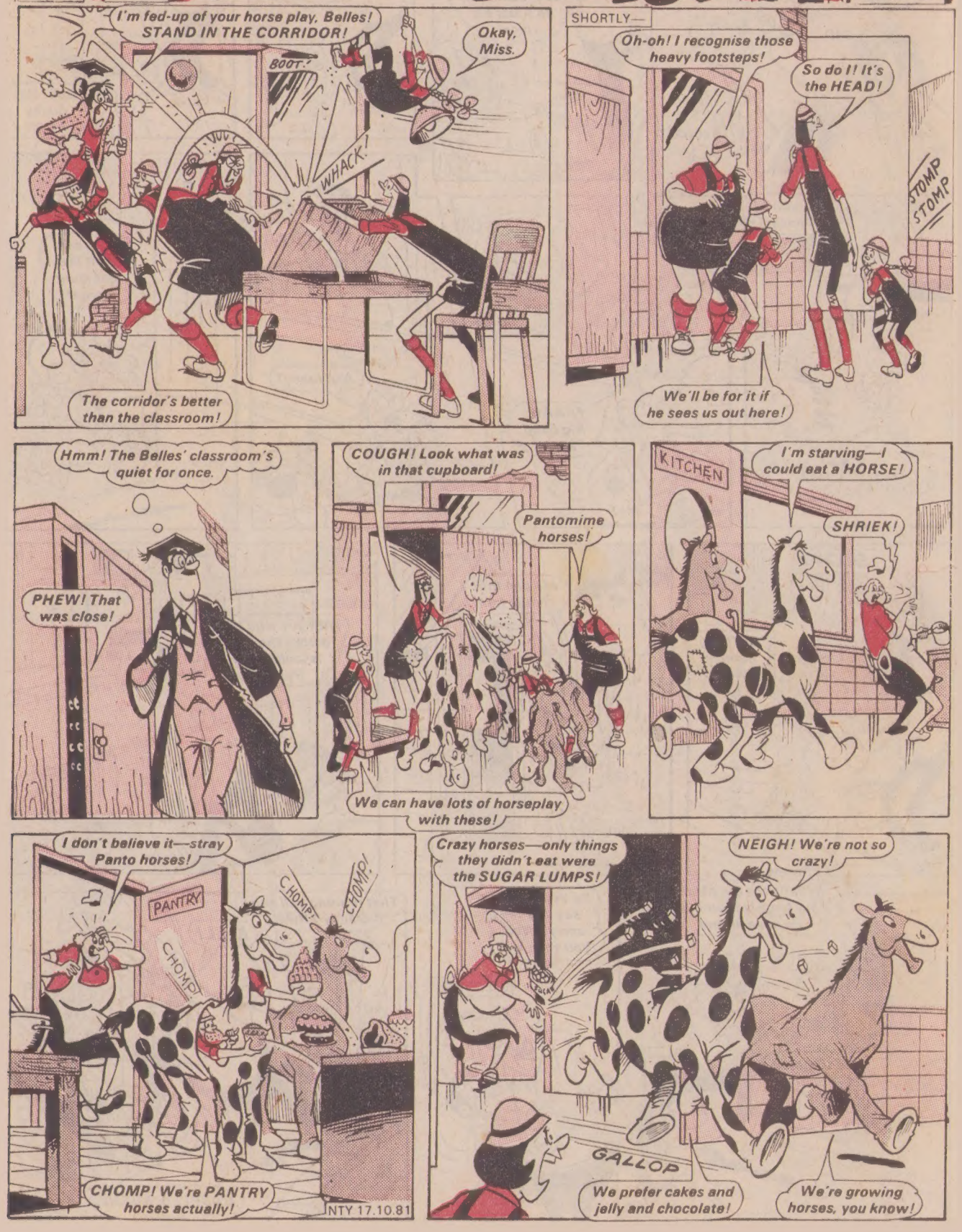
What's the big idea? Your bush is thumbing its nose at me!
Me trimmed bush!
GASP..! CROAK..!

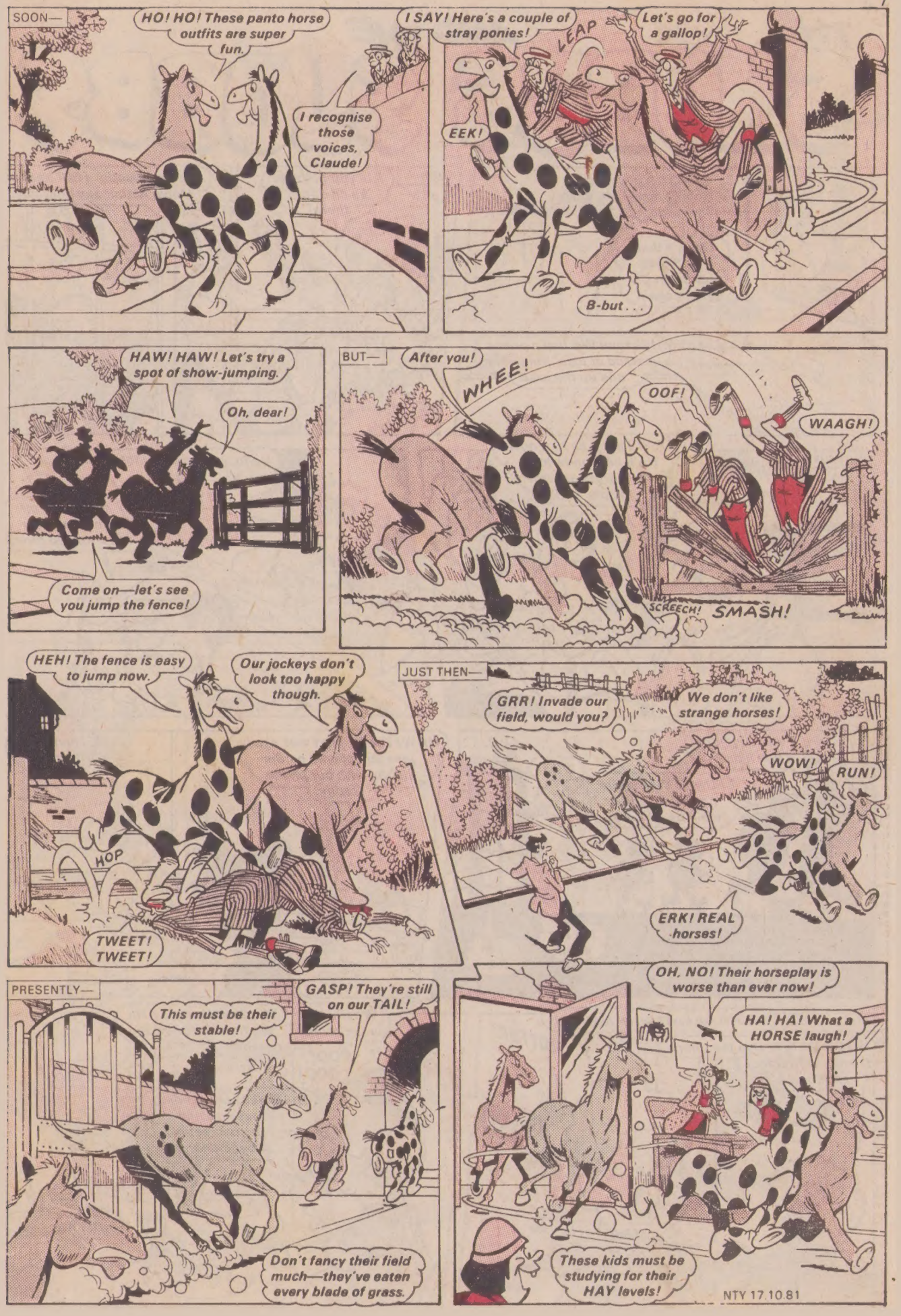
So you won't say you're sorry? Well you soon will be!
SPEECHLESS!

That running will keep Daddy TRIM!
KILL!
GASP! I'm BUSHED already!
NTY 17.10.81

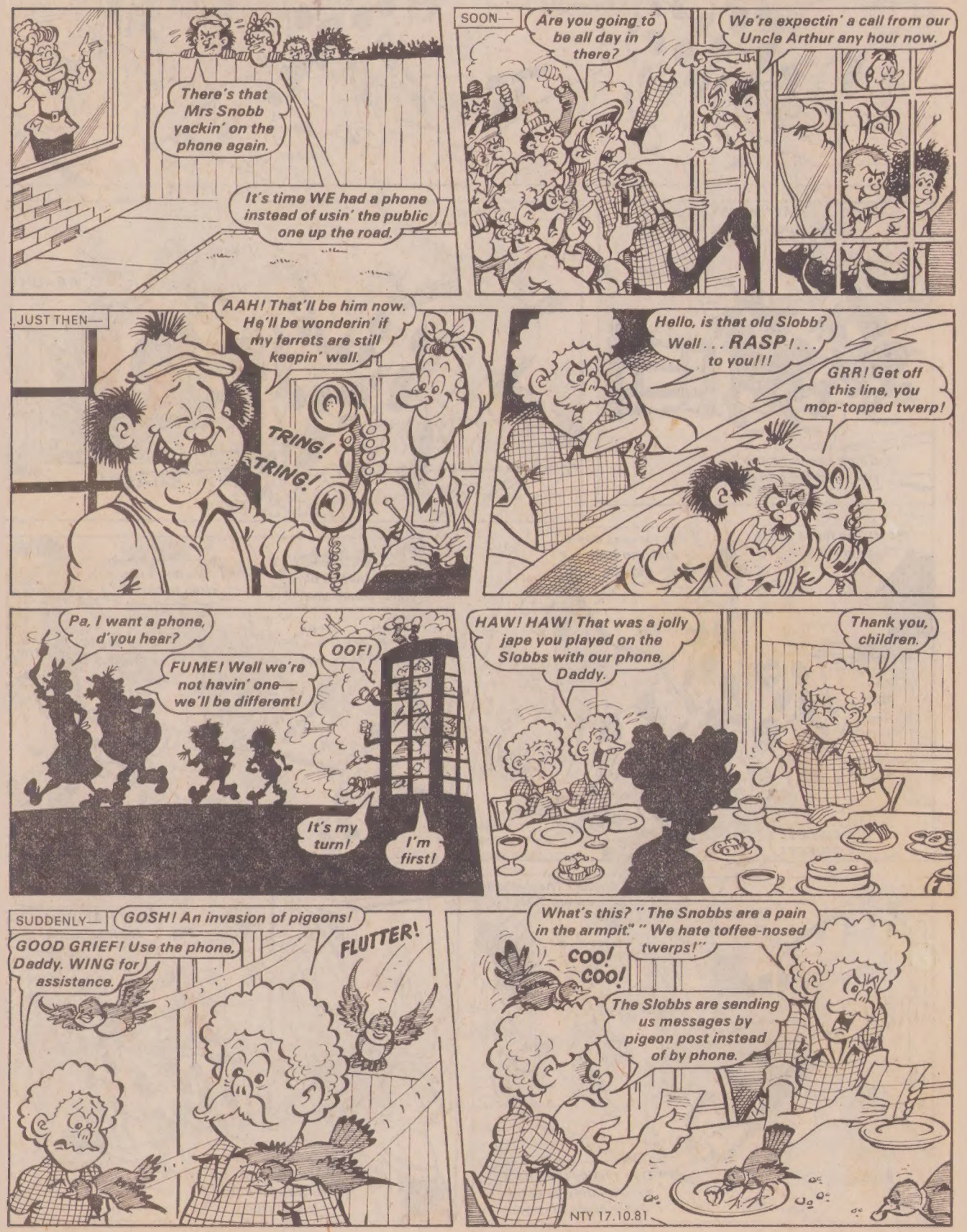
The School Belles

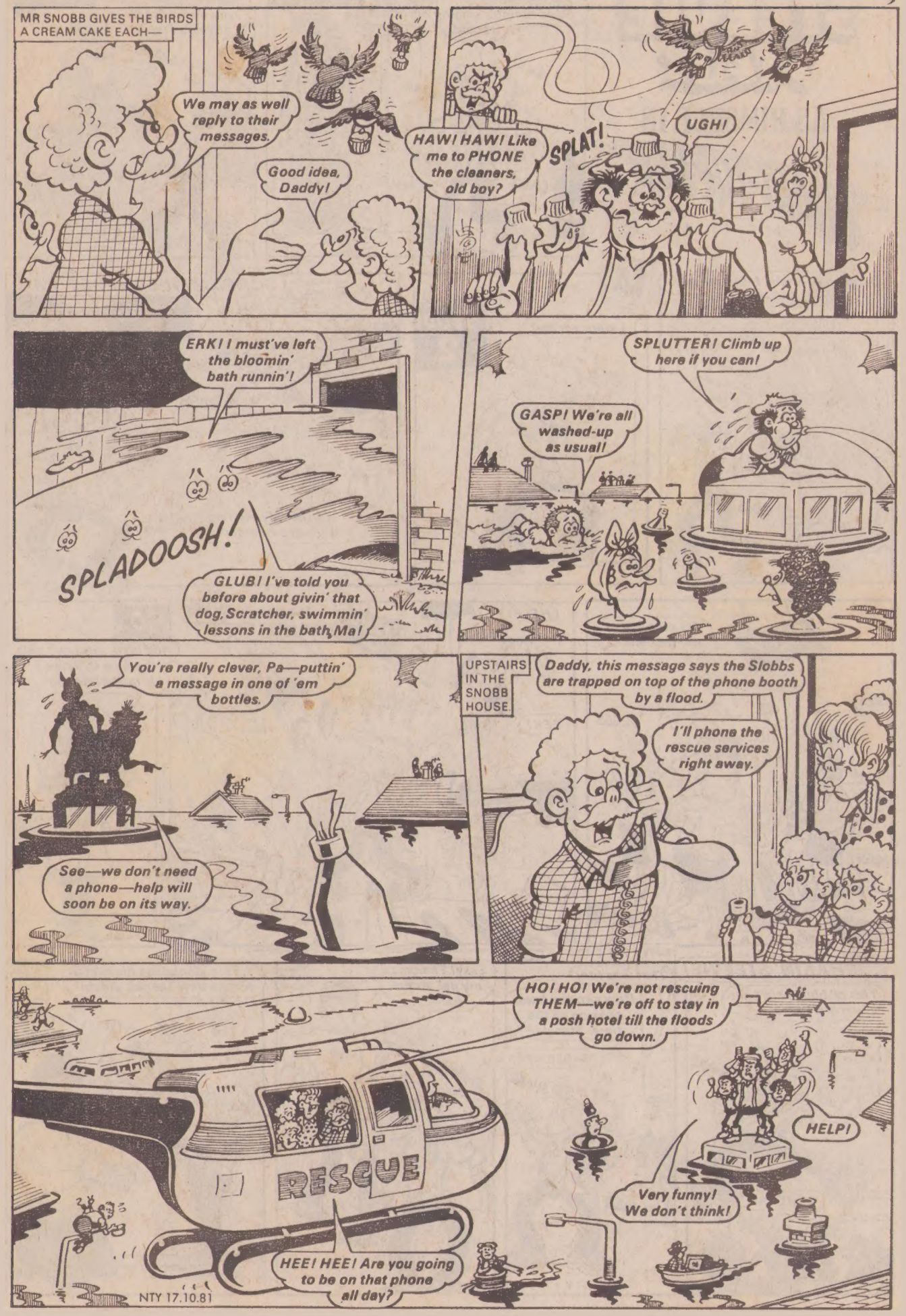
DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD


I'm fed-up of your horse play, Belles! STAND IN THE CORRIDOR!
Okay, Miss.
BOOT!
WHACK!
The corridor's better than the classroom!
SHORTLY—
Oh-oh! I recognise those heavy footsteps!
So do I! It's the HEAD!
STOMP STOMP
We'll be for it if he sees us out here!
Hmm! The Belles' classroom's quiet for once.
PHEW! That was close!
COUGH! Look what was in that cupboard!
Pantomime horses!
We can have lots of horseplay with these!
KITCHEN
I'm starving—I could eat a HORSE!
SHRIEK!
I don't believe it—stray Panto horses!
PANTRY
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP! We're PANTRY horses actually!
NTY 17.10.81
Crazy horses—only things they didn't eat were the SUGAR LUMPS!
NEIGH! We're not so crazy!
GALLOP
We prefer cakes and jelly and chocolate!
We're growing horses, you know!


SOON—
HO! HO! These panto horse outfits are super fun.
I recognise those voices, Claude!
I SAY! Here's a couple of stray ponies!
LEAP
Let's go for a gallop!
EEK!
B-but...
HAW! HAW! Let's try a spot of show-jumping.
Oh, dear!
Come on—let's see you jump the fence!
BUT—
After you!
WHEE!
OOF!
WAAGH!
SCREECH!
SMASH!
HEH! The fence is easy to jump now.
Our jockeys don't look too happy though.
HOP
TWEET! TWEET!
JUST THEN—
GRR! Invade our field, would you?
We don't like strange horses!
WOW!
RUN!
ERK! REAL horses!
PRESENTLY—
This must be their stable!
GASP! They're still on our TAIL!
Don't fancy their field much—they've eaten every blade of grass.
OH, NO! Their horseplay is worse than ever now!
HA! HA! What a HORSE laugh!
These kids must be studying for their HAY levels!
NTY 17.10.81

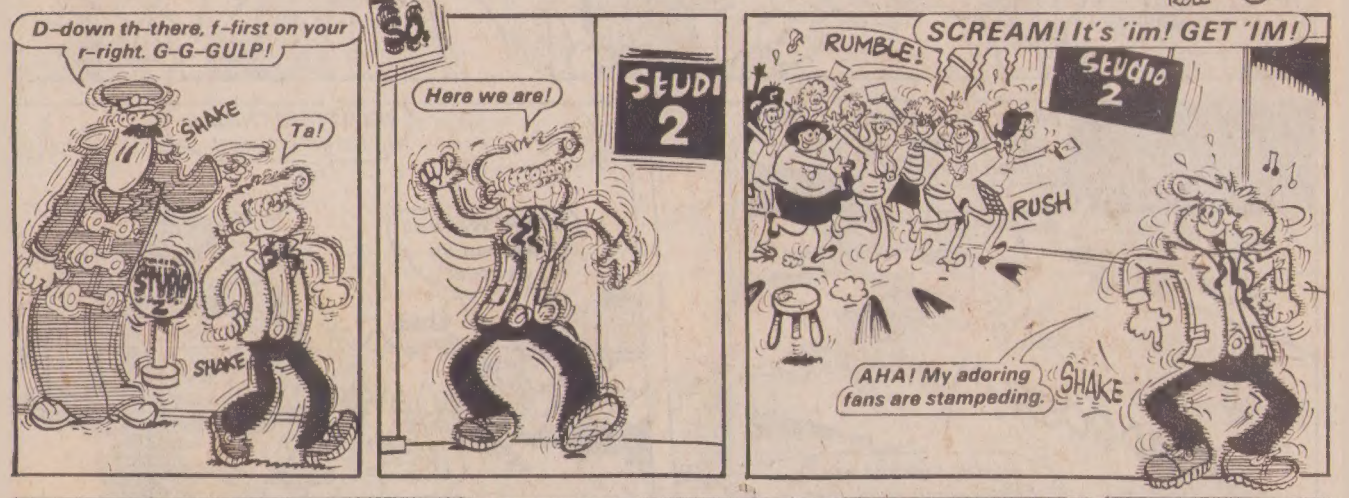
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

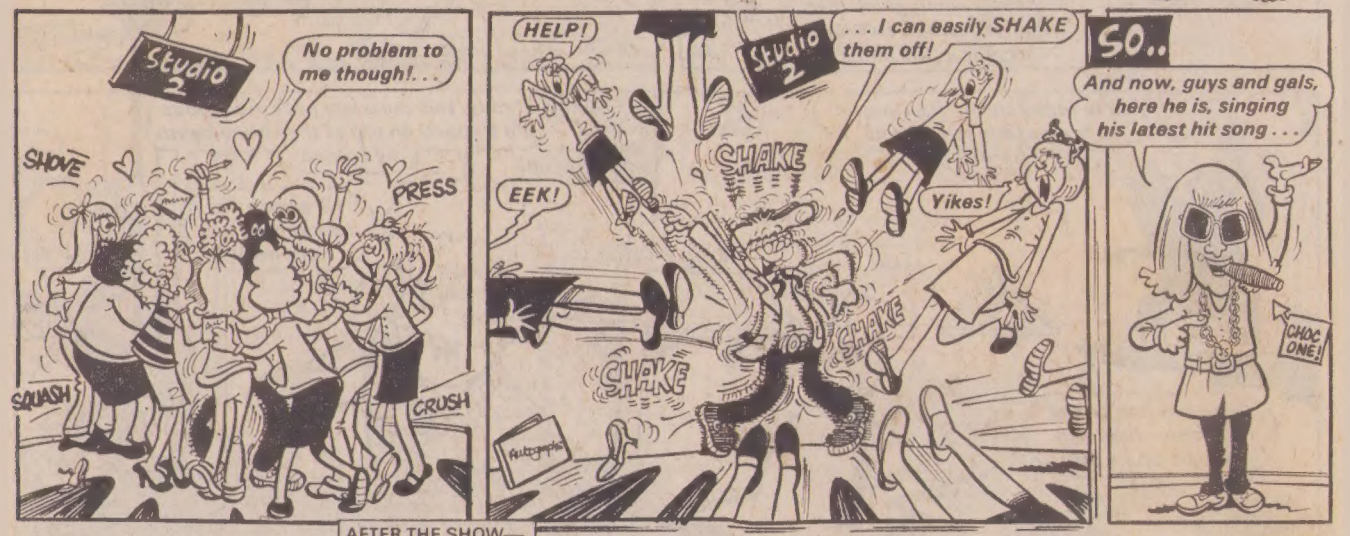

There's that Mrs Snobb yackin' on the phone again.
It's time WE had a phone instead of usin' the public one up the road.
SOON—
Are you going to be all day in there?
We're expectin' a call from our Uncle Arthur any hour now.
JUST THEN—
AAH! That'll be him now. He'll be wonderin' if my ferrets are still keepin' well.
TRING!
TRING!
Hello, is that old Slobb? Well... RASP!... to you!!!
GRR! Get off this line, you mop-topped twerp!
Pa, I want a phone, d'you hear?
FUME! Well we're not havin' one— we'll be different!
OOF!
It's my turn!
I'm first!
HAW! HAW! That was a jolly jape you played on the Slobbs with our phone, Daddy.
Thank you, children.
SUDDENLY—
GOSH! An invasion of pigeons!
GOOD GRIEF! Use the phone, Daddy. WING for assistance.
FLUTTER!
What's this? "The Snobbs are a pain in the armpit." "We hate toffee-nosed twerps!"
COO! COO!
The Slobbs are sending us messages by pigeon post instead of by phone.
NTY 17.10.81


MR SNOBB GIVES THE BIRDS A CREAM CAKE EACH—
We may as well reply to their messages.
Good idea, Daddy!
HAW! HAW! Like me to PHONE the cleaners, old boy?
SPLAT!
UGH!
ERK! I must've left the bloomin' bath runnin'!
SPLADOOSH!
GLUB! I've told you before about givin' that dog, Scratcher, swimmin' lessons in the bath, Ma!
SPLUTTER! Climb up here if you can!
GASP! We're all washed-up as usual!
You're really clever, Pa—puttin' a message in one of 'em bottles.
See—we don't need a phone—help will soon be on its way.
UPSTAIRS IN THE SNOBB HOUSE
Daddy, this message says the Slobbs are trapped on top of the phone booth by a flood.
I'll phone the rescue services right away.
HO! HO! We're not rescuing THEM—we're off to stay in a posh hotel till the floods go down.
RESCUE
HELP!
Very funny! We don't think!
HEE! HEE! Are you going to be on that phone all day?
NTY 17.10.81

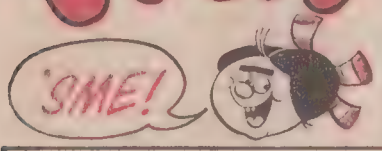
STEEVIE STAR

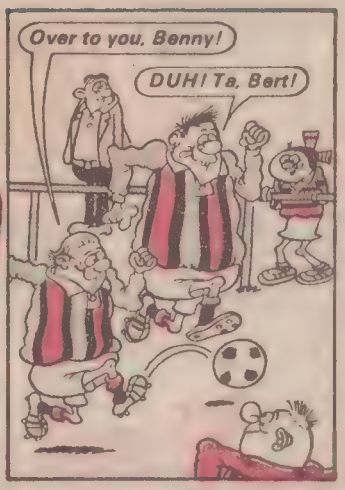
AS HIMSELF, IN "CHART-TOPPER"

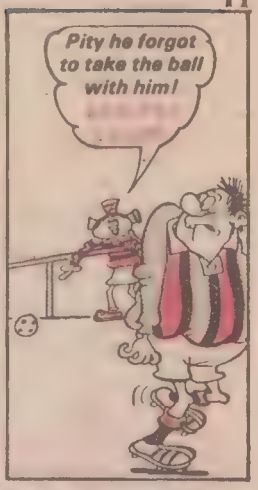


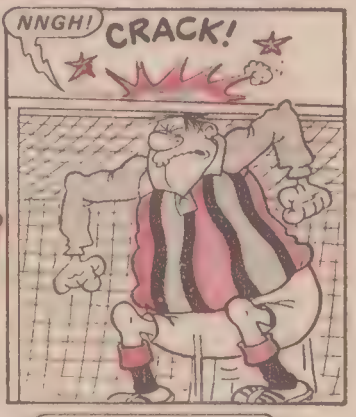


SPORTS FAN









NTY 17.10.81

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

There's an award for the best dog-catcher in Britain. I must win it!

DOG CATCHERS GAZETTE

BEST DOG-CATCHER IN BRITAIN AWARD TO BE WON

SHORTLY—

There's Basil's house! He's probably still asleep!

Yeah! He's the WORST dog-catcher in Britain!

JUST THEN—

CRASH!

It's DOG-catching time! SNARRLL!

MPH!

Got one already! I'll easily win that award!

Help!

What's got into Basil?

ZOOM!

SNAP!

Uh-uh! Didn't see that cable!

I'm free!

He looks older!

READER'S VOICE

Better keep a look-out for Basil! He'll be back!

He can't sneak up on us!

UMMFF!

Thought I'd drop in!

SHREEEK!

NNGH!

Out with my net! . . .

EEEEK!

. . . And IN with my prisoners!

SOON—

Time for another hound round-up!

RUN!

This motor bike could be useful!

No sign . . . PUFF! . . . of Basil . . .

OH, NO?

VROOM!

. . . Must have . . . GASP! . . . given him the slip . . . PUFF!

AHEM!

AAAAGH!

OH-OH!

SHORTLY—

You didn't get ME, Basil!

Phew! Hot work, this!

DOG POUND

I'd better return the bike, then I'll claim my award!

STRAIN

DOG POUND

With the dogs locked up, nothing can go wrong!

Wanna bet?

STRETCH

VROOOM!

TWANG!

NNGGH!

SLAM!

NTY 17.10.81

So poor Basil didn't get an award, Hunk?

READER'S VOICE

I wouldn't say that!

He got A WARD all right! THIS hospital ward!

WARD 13

The WHEELIES

FATBELLY FLASH ACE BARRIE

You're not going to get far today, are you, Fatbelly?

We'd be better off without him!

GASP! I hate hills—you lot go on. I'll catch up later.

HUH! You'll never catch up with us 'cos there are lots of hills on this route.

You may as well go home, Fatbelly.

STEAM

It's not fair! I like cycling, but NOT UP HILLS!

HEH! I'll take a short-cut and avoid all the hills.

MEANWHILE—

PANT! Heavy door, this!

BUILDING SITE

JUST THEN—

WHEEZE! In fact, it's the heaviest door I've EVER lifted!

BUILDING SITE

ZOOM!

DRAT! I'm on another hill already!

SINK

At least it was only a small hill!

UGH! I'm sinking!

TILT

SQUELCH!

GRR! Young pest!

What's wrong with him?

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, FATBELLY!

EEK! How did I get up here?

WHIZZ!

WAAGH! The others were right—I WILL get nowhere!

ANOTHER SHORT HILL LATER—

I may as well just go home!

Hmm! I wonder what the hold-up is?

SOON—

YAWN! The others will be miles away by now.

Fatbelly will never catch us!

NTY 17.10.81

DOODLEBUG

SIGH! It's nice to get peace to doodle with no other Bugs to bother you!
SUDDENLY
OH, NO! I recognise that sound!
SHAKE
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!
Is it an army of soldier ants?
READER'S VOICE
Doodle me!
Doodle me!
It's a whole tribe of Oodlebugs—oodles of 'em!
Doodle me!
GROAN! This'll take years—there are thousands of 'em!
Me next!
Me next!
MANY DOODLED OODLES LATER
Your problems are over, Doodlebug—just pop that doodle in the slot.
Eh? Well, if you say so, Wacky!
RUMBLE!
My copying machine will do all the work for you. It can do all the copies of your doodle you want!
Coo! Brilliant, Wacky!
WHIRR!
Phew! They're all going home happy with a doodle each—thanks, Wacky!
As all Nutty readers know, things normally work out like this when I'm around.
ONE OODLEBUG HASN'T GONE HOME YET—
Think I'll take a closer look at this machine!
HOP
OH, NO! The machine's turning out identical copies of a REAL Oodlebug!
WHIRR!
BANG!
CHUG!
RUMBLE!
CLICK!
Oo-er!
HOWL! Where are they taking us?
Left-right!
They might carry us miles and miles from home!
We don't live far from here, readers!
Left-right!
HO! HO! THIS is the way things normally turn out when Wacky's around.
READER'S VOICE
SMACK!
GNNNGH!
UGH!
Left-right!
Under this rock actually. CHUCKLE!
Left-right!
NTY 17.10.81

WHAT A LAUGH!

144 SUPER COLOUR PAGES ALL ABOUT THE FAMOUS FUN FAVOURITES FROM THE WEEKLY "BEANO"!

£1·60

NOW ON SALE

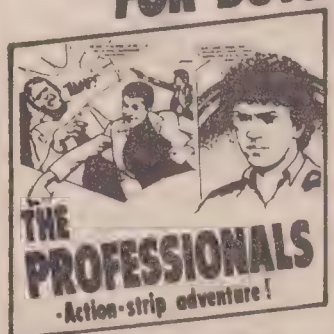
TOPS

Loads of laughs with LITTLE & LARGE

SPIT THE DOG!

A GREAT NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & GIRLS!

THE PAUL DANIELS PUZZLE PAGE!



THE PROFESSIONALS
-Action-strip adventure!

Plus lots of great-to-read stories!

FREE-TO-ENTER COMPETITIONS

FUN FEATURES

ISSUE DATED OCT 17

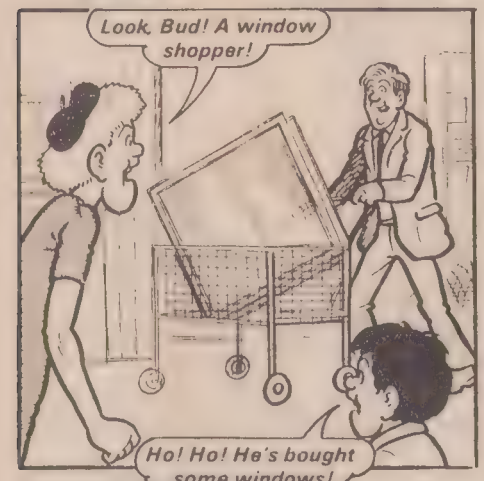
FREE SPACE RAIDER STICK-PIN

NTY 17.10.81 ON SALE WED., OCT. 14 20p

BIG 'N' BUD

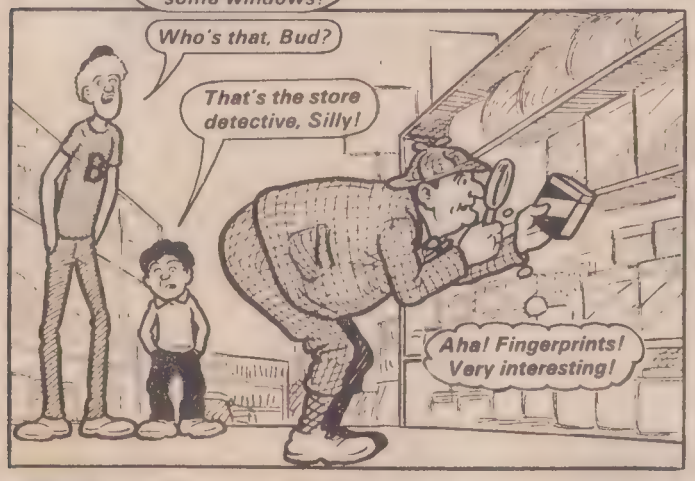
AT THE SUPERMARKET —
I've got to do some shopping for Mum!

They say this washing powder washes whiter than white!
Yes! I washed Tommy's blue T-shirt in it and look what happened! It's come up white!
Ho! Ho!

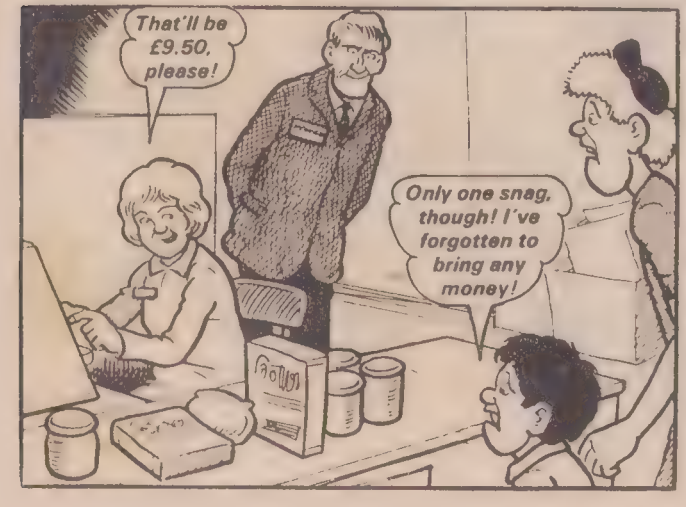

Look, Bud! A window shopper!
Ho! Ho! He's bought some windows!

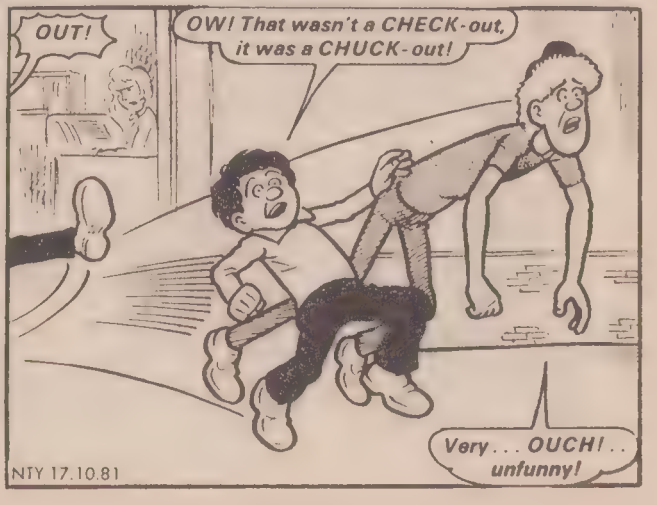
Who was the first cowboy to own a chain of supermarkets?
Haven't the foggiest, Big!

SHOP-along Cassidy! Heh! Heh!
That's a HOP-less joke, Big!


Who's that, Bud?
That's the store detective, Silly!
Aha! Fingerprints! Very interesting!

AND SO
There! That didn't take long, Big!


That'll be £9.50, please!
Only one snag, though! I've forgotten to bring any money!


OUT!
OW! That wasn't a CHECK-out, it was a CHUCK-out!
Very . . . OUCH! . . unfunny!
NTY 17.10.81

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!

There are rumours of a sighting of the Loch Mess Monster in Scotland. Check them out, Scoopy!

Of course, Your Bossiness!

MONSTER! PAH! RUBBISH! Waste of my talent!

WHAT talent?

SOON, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES FROM NUTTYTOWN-

I didn't realise it was such a long walk. Never mind—I'll soon be there!

McPLOD! McPLOD!

McPLOD! McPLOD!

EVENTUALLY—

. . . So the monster was sighted yesterday, Mr McSporran?

Och, aye, Laddie. A fearsome beastie it was too!

And . . . AHEM! . . . What exactly did it look like?

JINGS!

Someone talking about me?

AAAAAARGH!

Eh? Strange—must be shy of reporters.

Well, I'm off for my supper—fish 'n' SHIPS tonight!

AND SO—

Wh-whassat? GOSH! Must've been one of those famous Scottish salmon leaping.

PLOOOP!

LATER—

I'll try a spot of under-water investigating.

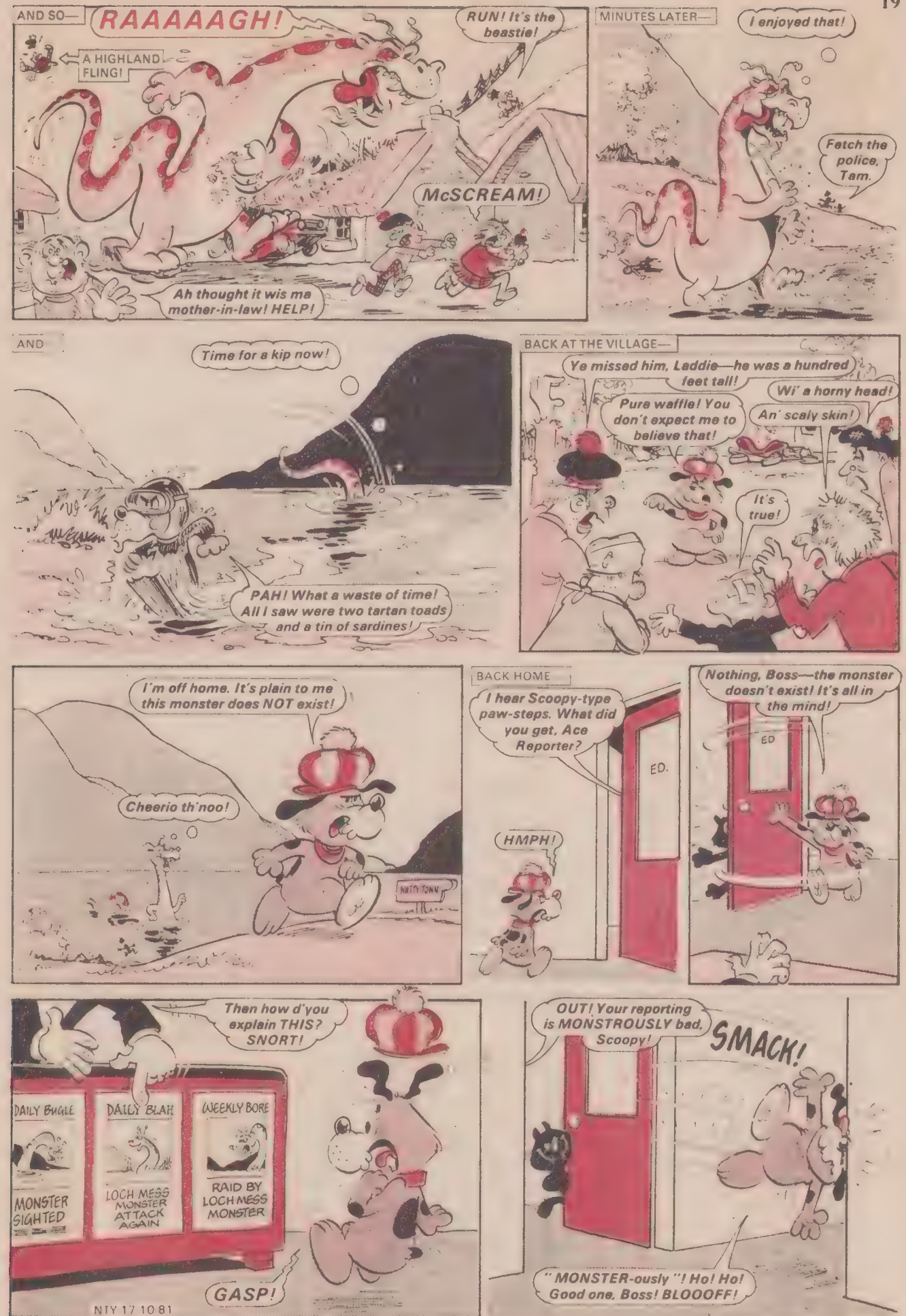
BUT JUST THEN—

GLOOP!

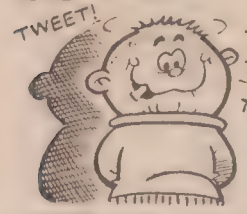
Bet I'm wasting my time though! There's no monster here!

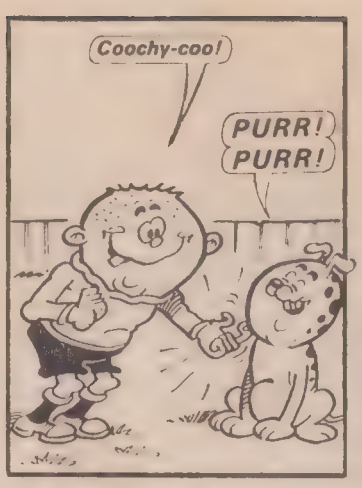
Time for a spot of havoc after supper!

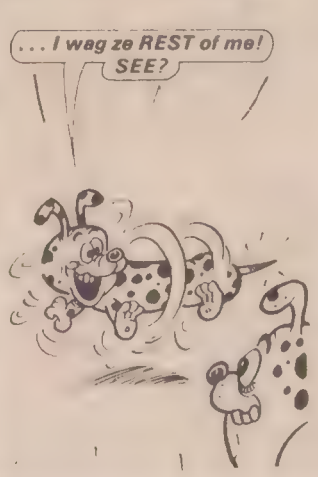
NTY 17.10.81

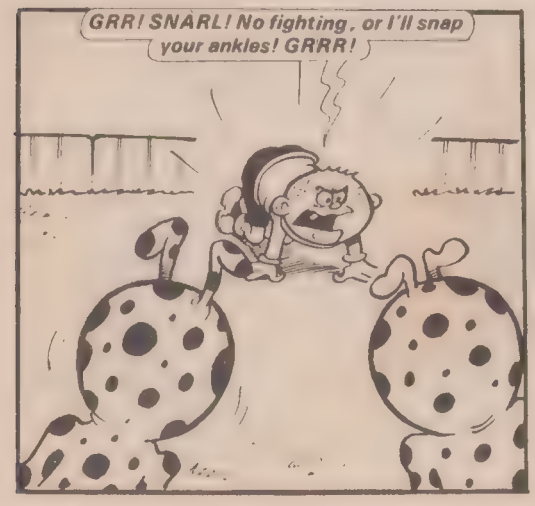

AND SO—
RAAAAAGH!
A HIGHLAND FLING!
RUN! It's the beastie!
McSCREAM!
Ah thought it wis me mother-in-law! HELP!
MINUTES LATER—
I enjoyed that!
Fetch the police, Tam.
AND
Time for a kip now!
PAH! What a waste of time! All I saw were two tartan toads and a tin of sardines!
BACK AT THE VILLAGE—
Ye missed him, Laddie—he was a hundred feet tall!
Wi' a horny head!
Pure waffle! You don't expect me to believe that!
An' scaly skin!
It's true!
I'm off home. It's plain to me this monster does NOT exist!
Cheerio th'noo!
BACK HOME
I hear Scoopy-type paw-steps. What did you get, Ace Reporter?
ED.
HMPH!
Nothing, Boss—the monster doesn't exist! It's all in the mind!
ED
Then how d'you explain THIS? SNORT!
DAILY BUGLE
MONSTER SIGHTED
DAILY BLAH
LOCH MESS MONSTER ATTACK AGAIN
WEEKLY BORE
RAID BY LOCH MESS MONSTER
GASP!
NTY 17 10 81
OUT! Your reporting is MONSTROUSLY bad, Scoopy!
SMACK!
" MONSTER-ously "! Ho! Ho! Good one, Boss! BLOOOFF!

TWEET WILLIAM









ROCKY
I had to go out of town to collect this box for Mum, but I'm getting hungry now!
MOTORWAY NO STOPPING FOR AGES. STONEAGE, IRONAGE ICEAGE, ETC. ETC.
I'll get something to eat here!
SERVICES
I'll go to the diner . . .
JOE'S DINER
OPEN
DINER-SAUR
MUNCH!
MUNCH
MUNCH!
. . . And Dino can go to the DINER-SAUR!
INSIDE—
MENU. ROCK CAKES
Is there no choice in this place?
'Course there is!
You can 'ave BIG rock cakes or LITTLE 'uns!
Hmph!
SMALL ROCKS
LARGE ROCKS
SO—
Come on, Dino! We'll eat elsewhere!
MUNCH BURP!
Cheek! Right in the middle of my meal!
SOON—
I'll give this place a try!
SELF-SERVICE CAFE
If it's self-service, where are the trays?
SELF-SERVICE CAFE
Trays? Take a SPEAR and hunt yourself some grub!
FRESH MEAT, SERVE YOURSELF
THUDD!
MENU
ULP! It really IS self-service! No thanks!
MUCH LATER—
You're home, Rocky!
BRAKE!
Yeah! And I'm starving.
Silly boy! You should have eaten something out of here!
GULP!
I was carrying a PICNIC HAMPER! Now she tells me!
NTY 17.10.81

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS

A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT WILL BE SENT TO EVERY READER WHOSE LETTER IS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

Dear Bananaman,

One morning, the phone rang and Dad answered it. The caller wanted to speak to little Johnny. Dad said:—

"Johnny can't come to the phone just now. He's getting ready for school. He's eating his porridge, his mother is washing his face, his grandmother is combing his hair, his sister is under the table tying his shoelaces, his grandfather is looking for his schoolbag and I'm holding the door open with my foot talking to you and watching for the school bus!"

MORGAN KEARNEY, CO. MAYO.

JOKE SPOT

Black sheep:—"Baa-a-a-a-a!"
White sheep:—"Moo!"
Black sheep:—"What do you mean, 'moo'?"
White sheep:—"I'm learning a foreign language!"
MARK McKAY, DUNDEE.

Man in cafe:—"Waiter! How do you serve shrimps?"
Waiter:—"We bend down, sir!"
MARK ANDERSON, WINLATON, TYNE AND WEAR.

How do you count cows?
With a COWCULATOR!
MARK SMITH, LONDON.

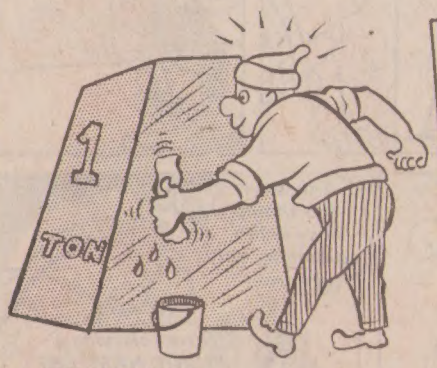
Hear about the man who wanted to hold a street party, but he didn't know any streets to invite?
ZENA CROMPTON, PRESTON.

KIM RAYNER, LONDON.

Cuddles gone wrong

ANN-MARIE HENBURY, SUTTON COLDFIELD.

Washing-ton



LEE WALKER, GOSPORT, HANTS.

Dear Bananaman,
We have a special hero,
Bananaman's his name.
He's Number One
For lots of fun—
Laughter is his aim.

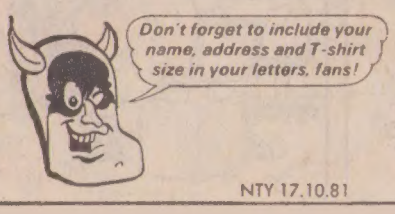
He's something of a mystery,
And though I hate to ask,
I'd love the chance
To quickly glance
Underneath his mask!

JUNE ROBINSON, HALIFAX.

What is it?

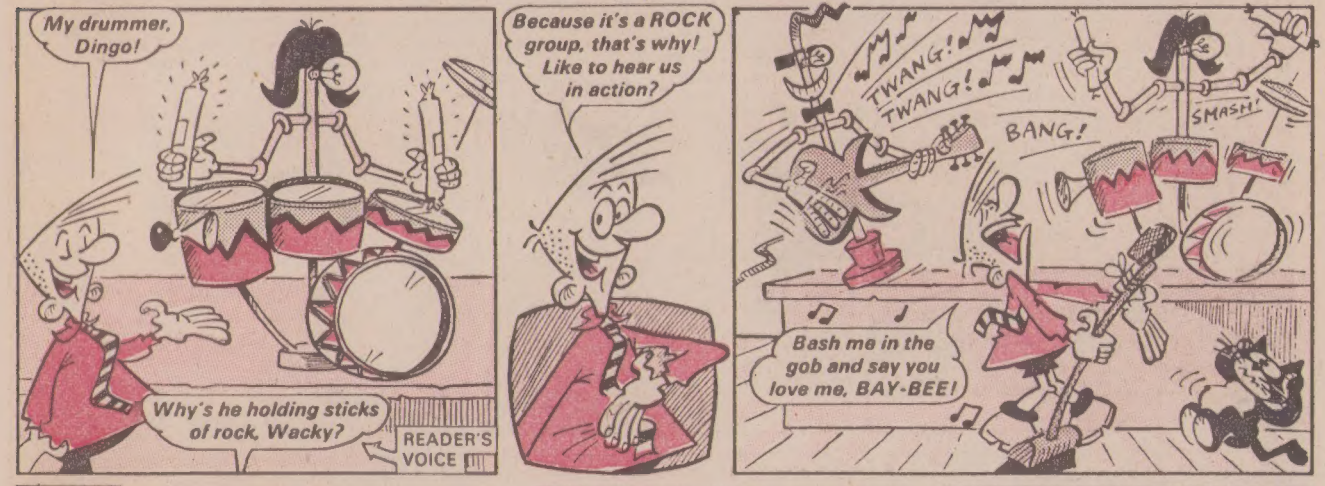
Jay R PUD!

ALAN KENDRICK, CROWBOROUGH, EAST SUSSEX.

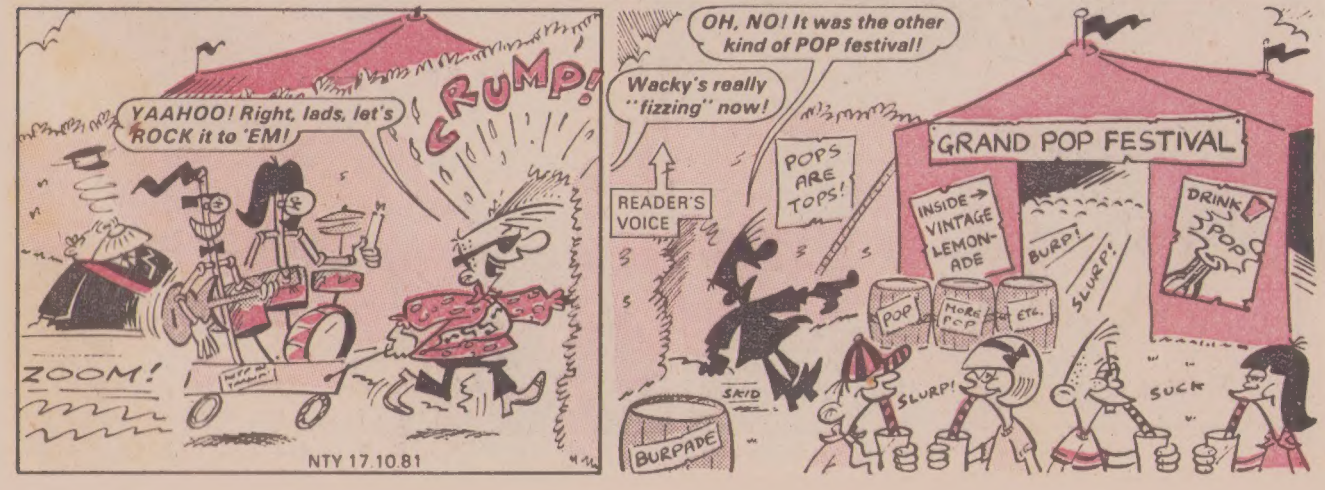


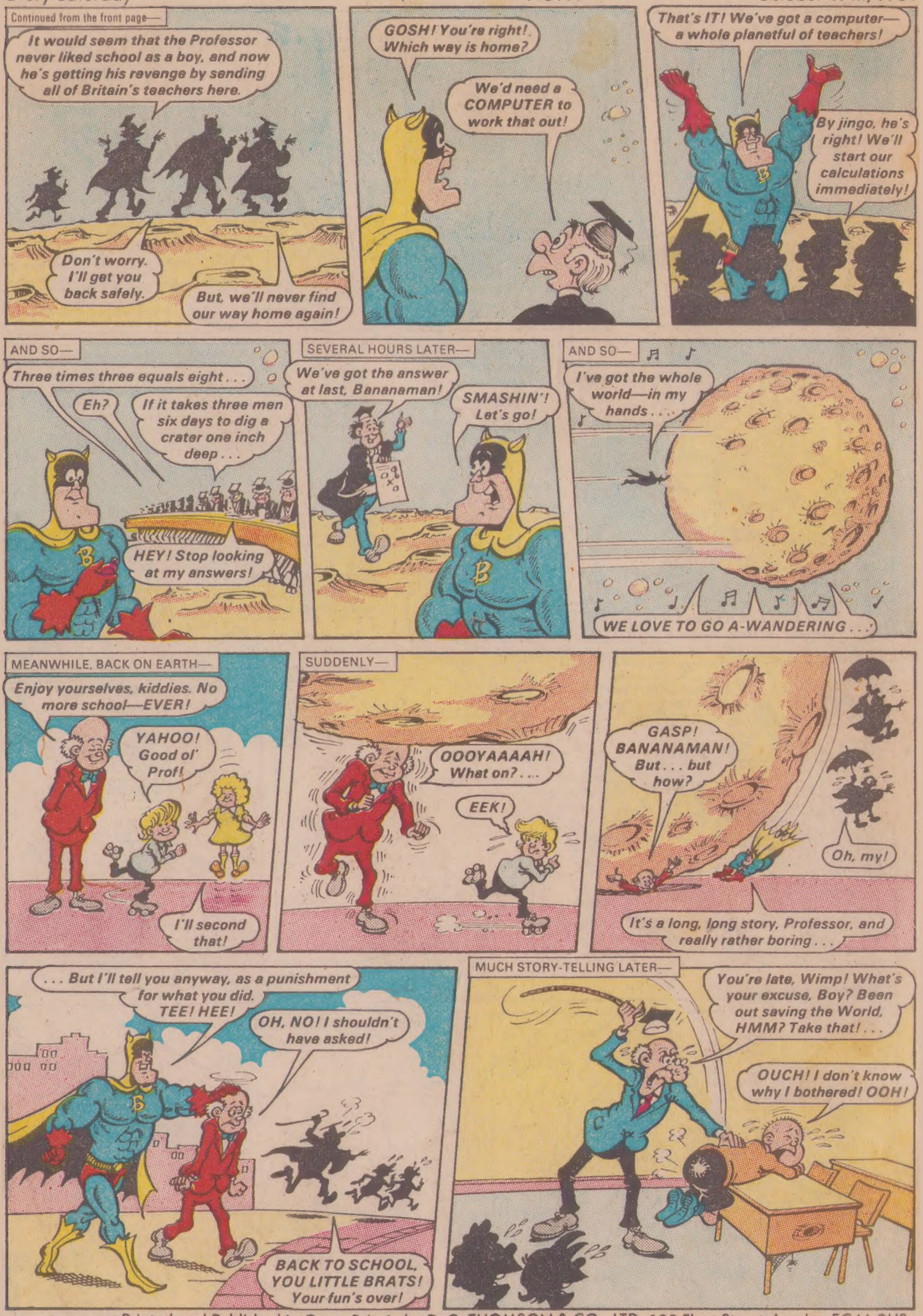
WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

I think I'll enter my pop group for that!
POP FESTIVAL • ALL • WELCOME
READER'S VOICE
But you don't have a pop group, Wacky!
Oh, yes, I do— let me show you!
This is my lead guitarist, Hank!


My drummer, Dingo!
Why's he holding sticks of rock, Wacky?
READER'S VOICE
Because it's a ROCK group, that's why! Like to hear us in action?
TWANG!
TWANG!
BANG!
SMASH!
Bash me in the gob and say you love me, BAY-BEE!

AND SO—
We're gonna wow 'em at this pop festival!
KEEP ON TRUCKIN'
IN THE PARK—
This is the place! Where are all the other groups?
Excuse me, where's the pop festival being held?
Over there, Son!




Continued from the front page—
It would seem that the Professor never liked school as a boy, and now he's getting his revenge by sending all of Britain's teachers here.
Don't worry. I'll get you back safely.
But, we'll never find our way home again!
GOSH! You're right! Which way is home?
We'd need a COMPUTER to work that out!
That's IT! We've got a computer—a whole planetful of teachers!
By jingo, he's right! We'll start our calculations immediately!
AND SO—
Three times three equals eight . . .
Eh?
If it takes three men six days to dig a crater one inch deep . . .
HEY! Stop looking at my answers!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER—
We've got the answer at last, Bananaman!
SMASHIN'! Let's go!
AND SO—
I've got the whole world—in my hands . . .
WE LOVE TO GO A-WANDERING . . .
MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH—
Enjoy yourselves, kiddies. No more school—EVER!
YAHOO! Good ol' Prof!
I'll second that!
SUDDENLY—
OOOYAAAAH! What on? . . .
EEK!
GASP! BANANAMAN! But . . . but how?
Oh, my!
It's a long, long story, Professor, and really rather boring . . .
. . . But I'll tell you anyway, as a punishment for what you did. TEE! HEE!
OH, NO! I shouldn't have asked!
BACK TO SCHOOL, YOU LITTLE BRATS! Your fun's over!
MUCH STORY-TELLING LATER—
You're late, Wimp! What's your excuse, Boy? Been out saving the World, HMM? Take that! . . .
OUCH! I don't know why I bothered! OOH!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.
© D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1981.